The Sentinel.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 25.

OFFICE: 71 and 73 West Market Street.

CHICAGO.

The Garnerings of a Week by a Sentinel Correspondent.

The Recent Visit of the King of the North Pole—Incidents, Personal Notes, Amusement Gossip, Etc.

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—Is it a contretemps, or the result of a preconcerted action on the part of the clerk of the weather and old King Frigeo, who is supposed to sit upon the tippest toppest end of the north pole, a-swinging an icy sceptre, to either lessen the ninety degrees of difference between his kingship and the equatorial line, or in some way place Chicago and suburbs very nearly vertical to that northern extremity? Whichever way it was, we are having the biggest kind of a cold snap. Some of the ten cent thermometers froze up, medium priced ones ran wonderfully near the last notch, and the real, old standby's said it was 30 degrees below zero on Monday morning, 15 degrees below on Tuesday, 10 degrees below on Wednesday, 16 degrees below on Thursday, and today the cold seems just as as cold, the ice as icy, and the stinging wind has lost none of its raspishness, and the windrows of snow piled in the gutters 'twixt street and walk are as ademantine as a rock. On the street one sees the youthful moustache and the beard of an older growth fringed equally as white with the wintry frost. Red-faced teamsters look out from mufflers and yarn-knit hood caps. Men brave the tempeature, but women are less numerously visible. The newsboys cry their latest in quaking, half-articulated tones because of shivering bodies. Fewer beggars are seen on the street. The notion venders pack up early, and pocket-books and Jews-harps remain unsold. Fruit stands have grown numerously less, as goods as well as fingers are liable to damage. The wheels of traffic squeak dryly as they trundle through icy streets and frozen thoroughfares. The surface of the Chicago River is a pearly white, not a rippling stream flowing outward to the lake, but a sort of a crazy-quilt covering of white, made up of all sizes and shapes of thin, thick—tumbled and piled—broken pieces of ice. You see, traffic, transportation, etc., demands that the river be kept open, so an overgrown tug, or a sort of a model barge, plows up and down the stream from the mouth to some point unknown to the writer, entirely ruining the ice for skating and the safety of would-be river pedestrians, and making a swarth for steamers to follow:

"THIS IS A COLD WAVE,"

remarked a policeman standing on the corner of State and Lake streets this morning to a passing friend.

"Yes, sir, and I hope the wave will find an outlet pretty soon," responded the man.

"Ditto to that," says I in my mind, and, looking up to the leaden canopy above, wondered why they didn't roof over that great place up in the mountains from whence the Weather Bureau tells us of what the cold waves are saying, and antedate the state of the temperature. Let us get up a fund to start an expedition of medium-tempered earthites to interview the magnates of law in the cold wave country, and effect some sort of a compromise or negotiation whereby the waves may be more equally distributed, Southerly as well as Northerly; or else to bottle them up for future generations, when the growing inventive genius of the world will have devised some means of utilizing them for the good of humanity rather than the discomfort, distress and dismay of the worthy million.

We have a change in governmental administering this year, which we hope will result in good to the Nation; so let us strike while the iron is hot with the white fibers of stinging frost for an appropriation whereby the wave system can be made to wave less freely, just as the millions are spent for deepening the roads that nature furrowed in the beds of mighty rivers and straightening the God-lain channels in lake, harbor and stream.

I took a ride on a street car day before yesterday morning, and as the car approached a shiver of dread ran into my very mittens, because the windows were white as snow and the horses were covered with an extra coat of bristling frost, all of which suggested anything but comfort.

Entering I found a seat by a great, fat, good-natured man, who shortly said:

"You may share my stove, if you like."

I was amused, as the first thought suggested by his happy, warm presence, and I a little body, was, that I needn't sit so near the entrance; but he stooped and pulled from under the seat a great stone jug full of hot water and placed it by my feet. I was grateful, having stood on the corner waiting for the tardy car until quite chilled.

Then he told me how he lived on the plains, which he crossed sometime in the sixties, when mercury was farther below zero than on that morning: how he lived out of doors, in a covered wagon, and slept on the ground and had no fire, and did not suffer at all.

By the time the point at which to alight was reached there were two bottles of hot water, a tinner's charcoal furnace, a little little oil stove, an iron kettle of glowing coals with a sheet iron cover, with a hole in it, wedged over the top and the funniest kind of an old-fashioned sheet metal foot stove full of hot coals, had been brought in and was ranged along between rows of little, big, stylish or brogandy feet. Soon the foot or more of hay on the floor of the car began to send up a scorchy odor and the conductor reminded the stove-carrier to "look out there, don't set the hay a-fire."

The matter of warming the street cars has been agitated and experimented upon for a long time. It may be that if the people were to take it in charge, the innovation could be brought about at no expense to the companies.

CHICAGO IS FULL OF SIGHTS.

Even its own magnitude loses its importance in the contemplation of its incidental make-ups.

A vast sheet of whiteness stretches out to the "break-water" on the lake. One drive along the connecting boulevards surrounding the city affords a continuous sleigh ride of thirty miles. But you and I will postpone the pleasurable trip until the silver line shall have marked temperate weather.

One meandering through streets and alleys, one peering into saloon and rook, den and hovel, shed and out of the way place reveals 10,000 unfortunates.

I went into the Chicago Public Reading Room, corner of Dearborn and Lake streets, this morning. Three hundred men were there; all ostensibly to read, but the nodding heads, the lack of overcoats, the absence of vests, with but one frock coat on, the look of chilled vitality told the real cause of their presence. The rooms were warm; many of the men untidy, unkempt and unwashed, the air soon became unbearable, and we were glad to sniff the zeroed atmosphere once more.

As I came out of a place of meeting the other evening a fair-faced man stepped up to my companion and asked for money to buy a supper and secure lodging for the night. He was not a professional beggar, evidently. Within ten days I have directed two young men who have asked aid of me to

A WOOD YARD

on Clark street where needy men can obtain work and receive their pay for it in food or lodging.

This provident institution was established last winter, and was then the means of affording food and shelter to hundreds of men out of work, as well as tramps. Each morning the work is arranged, the wood to be cut is divided out, and the tools are kept in good condition, so that with saw and ax from two to three hours work will pay for a meal or a place to sleep.

Every day crowds of men ranging from a broken-down merchant to a common tramp gather around the office door seeking admission to the yard and begging for work. "There are more men than are cords of wood to cut," one of the officials told me, and that they were overcrowded with applicants. This charity organization sell printed tickets to those who are charitably inclined to give to tramps and needy men instead of money. The tickets call for a meal or a bed at some cheap restaurant or lodging house. They also endeavor to secure positions for those who wish them, but this winter it is almost impossible to get them. Many of these applicants are educated men, including bookkeepers, accountants, literary men, reporters, and their condition seems more pitiable than the man who is accustomed to roughing it.

I went up Wabash avenue a piece yesterday. You know how cold it was. I was wrapped and bundled to the eyes, and sped lightly on. I came up behind a woman clad in neat but cheap garments. There was nothing to protect the nech and ears from the cold but a coil of abundant brown hair. The wind blew her skirts aside and revealed a pair of low, summer ties upon thinly-stockinged feet, and upon the back of the ankle the white skin of the part gleamed sorrily through a little rent about the size of a three-cent piece.

She inquired of a policeman at the corner of the street the direction to somewhere. I heard him say:

"You'd better take the car—'tis a long walk."

With a shake of the head she hurried on,

THROUGH WIDE STREETS,

past great houses, around a corner, and an object met the eye that brought me to a stand-still instanter. A great black whale, shining and almost slimy, lay stretched along the wall, side of the walk, with two baby whales nestling against its finny sides. I looked into its little eyes, at its ponderous lips, its demoralized teeth, its finny paddling feet—only they were not paddling then—at the water spout, at the mark of the cruel harpoon, at the wide, tough tail, and then I went into the store and inquired of Mr. Booth, the proprietor of the establishment, what about the story of that whale.

"Where did it come from? Is yon beautiful lake the home of such monsters?"

I hoped not, because there are too many Jonahs around, and so accommodating a whale as the older one could not be found in these days.

"Oh, no, it was caught off Provincetown, on the coast of Massachusetts, by Captain Taylor, the skipper of a coaster."

"How long is it?"

"Twenty feet long."

"Do you know how much it weighs?"

"Thirty-five hundred pounds. There's no scales about our place to weigh it, and it takes half a dozen men to handle it. Those little ones are whale calves, not fishes."

Regretfully the frozen leviathan was left behind, and we passed on to witness a runaway. It was a grocer's team, and coffee, eggs, 'lasses, beans and other edibles mixed and mingled in delectable confusion. Turning a corner, poising upon one of the many icy ridges allowed to remain upon the proud city's pavements, I was suddenly made aware of the proximity of a tall, dignified-appearing gentleman, who was attempting a slight of foot performance, and finally each foot determined to walk in opposite directions, and the result was a sudden and cracking sit-down. How one's dignity oozes out into nowhere at such a mishap. Your scribe was so sorry for the down-fallen, but couldn't cry for a big laugh that was choking for room.

Then down to the foot of La Salle avenue I found myself, where a splendid nine-storied structure and 300-footed tower looms up and blocks up the highway, and on either side there rises other fine buildings, ten and twelve-stories, right into the wintry air. While wondering why they were built so high, the thought that land was dear and this method took less ground-room dawned upon my verdant mind and the mystery was solved to an economic satisfaction.

THERE WAS AN ELECTION IN THE FALL.

A President to preside over the destinies of the Nation and other important officials were voted for and declared elected, but declarations sometimes have to be taken back. Discrepancies turn out of the returns, and political machinery gets out of time.

I need not review the length and detail of the alleged election frauds, they are widely known already; they are said to have been perpetrated by Messrs. Nackin, Gallagher, Biehl, Gleason, Hausborough, Strausser and Shields, of this city, who are all held under heavy bonds to answer to one and more indictments, and Tuesday night Gallagher was arrested the fourth time and placed under $10,000 bail.

The latest phase of the affair is that the special appropriation of $100,000 voted upon to be expended on an increase of the police force, and declared to have passed by nearly 15,000 majority, is now alleged to have been lost by several hundred votes. This discovery has been made by the special Grand Jury this week, which instituted a recount for the appropriation vote, resulting as above named. The $100,000 was drawn for the purpose designed. Three hundred new policemen were added to the force, and now the story comes to their ears that the measure did not receive a majority vote; that the appropriation was not made to the city, and yet they were regularly appointed, have served, and are on pay; but who, or what, is to pay them? What can the administration do? Tell them to go back to the peaceful avocations from whence they came? There are some wise heads in this citidel of the lake, but I am thinking that a satisfactory arbitration between these minions of law and the administration may puzzle the keenest of them.

But the

SURFACE DRIFT

is not the only prolific theme of comment to be found in the week's calendar.

Revival services are being held in various parts of the city. E. W. Bliss, from Boston, is preaching at the Moody Church every night, and Major Cale at the Wabash Avenue M. E Church, and Thomas Harrison is still on the west side. The choir of St. Jariath's Church is under the leadership of Mrs. N. Corcoran, and is composed entirely of home talent, and ranks with the first in the city.

The social pendulum has swung cheerily the whole week through. "Germans" have glided through the avenues of upper tendum.

Receptions, parties and wedding anniversaries are among the recordings, and the great ball of last week seems to have been the opening of a series of gayeties.

Our amusement world is full of attractions, from the higher planes of dramatic art to the places where one can laugh and pay a dime for the privilege.

The People's Theater has this week engaged the "Squatter Sovereignty" and all of its unique scenes.

"The Lights of London" have illumined the boards of the Criterion.

McVicker's has had the pantomine, i. e. fantasma, "The Funny Frolics of Fairy Land," and Mr. M. B. Curtis, in "Sam'l Plastric" of "Spot Cash," has made everybody glad at Hooley's.

The Caledonian Society celebrated "Burns' anniversary" with a grand concert at Farwell Hall, on Friday evening. But with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry at Haverly's, the evenings were full of rare entertainment, instruction and soul-good.

It was my pleasure to listen to a fine paper upon "The Germ Theory of the Origin of Disease," which was presented by Dr. Edwin Kuhl before the Philosophical Society last Saturday night. A number of city physicians were present, both ladies and gentlemen, and participated in a debate following the presentation. Dr. Miller, a broad-browed, white-haired veteran doctor, who has served the city in that capacity for forty years, thought the question of the germ origin of all disease debatable, and facetiously termed the theory the "wiggly one," and disclaimed a belief that all diseases, some of which he named, were caused by "bugs and things wiggling into a person and wiggling out again."

The Sherman House was the scene of a pleasant gathering the other afternoon, and that was a reception given Clara B Colby, of Beatrice, Neb., the editor of the Woman's Tribune, by the Cook County Woman Suffrage Society.

The gathering represented the professional, brainy, philanthropic and benevolent women of the city and suburbs. Elizabeth Boyton Harbert, the President of the organization, presided with ease and dignity.

Mrs. Colby gracefully thanked her friends for the cordial reception tendered her, and eloquently urged a plea for the enfranchisement of women.

Mrs. Dr. Wardner, State Lecturer for the Illinois Industrial School, spoke to the point. Mrs. Goff, a leading suffragist, of Kansas, made a few interesting remarks. Dr. Alice Stockham and others proved to the gentlemen present that women had tongues, sense and power. Lida Hood Talbott, of Indianapolis, made every one happy by her inimitable rendering of "The Contracted Meeting" and "The Widow Doodles." Mary E. Livermore came in at the conversational which followed the formalities of the occasion, and told us of her long acquaintance with the lamented Schuyler Colfax.

Rev. Florence Kalloch is an active member of the society, and her genial presence made a body wish that most all ministers were women. Pretty, modest Mary Durham, associate editor of the late "Our Herald," was there. The advance sheets of Mrs. Harbert's "New Era" was upon the table, and the happy words of praise and favor but presage a successful career.

The "coming woman" is here, she is there; she is in her home and in society; she fills a niche in the calendar of time hitherto unfilled, and the rolling years of humanity alone will recapitulate the mighty sum of her influence for good, and nowhere is it more needed than in this great city.

I saw a thinly-clad, fair-browed, youthful-faced girl in a patrol wagon in charge of two policemen last Saturday. She held her head down: her eyes never looked up; she seemed to shrink from the passing gaze. She did not wear the look of a bold offender. I wondered what she had done, of what she was suspected. Wherefore such a ride on a wintry day?

I knew she was thinly clad because the outlines of her form were discernible through the half-protecting wraps, while the great, burley officials had their blue coats buttoned to the chin and the collars turned up. That girl was taken to a lock-up to share the company of criminals worse than herself, to be made worse than we can dream of, perhaps.

Why is there not a station set apart for women who, if they must come under the ban of the law in this wise, can be placed in compartments safe from the intrusion of any save police matrons? Some of the women of Chicago have labored for reforms in these matters and have remedied many wrongs, and a continuation of such work will mitigate other evils still existing.

Let the women vote as well as suffer the penalty of broken laws. Give the women a voice in municipal government. They remedy wrongs pertaining thereto. Why not?

L. M. W.

WASHINGTON.

Our Usual Illustrated Letter From the Capital.

All About Distinguished Members of the Senate and House Who Have Served the Southern Confederacy.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—The recent discussion in the Senate of General Hawley's resolution of inquiry relating to General Sherman and the Jeff Davis matter, calls attention anew to a subject of interest to a good many people, the ex-Confederates in Congress. It is an interesting fact, and one not generally recognized, perhaps, that nearly or quite all of the Senators from the States of the Confederacy were members of the Confederate army or Congress, and that more than one-half of the members of the House from those States were also in that service. It is a fact, too, not generally recognized, that one-third of the Senate is made up of ex-Confederates, while the House has in it twice as many of that class as has the Senate. The total number of ex-Confederates in Congress runs between seventy-five and 100. Of these the majority were officers in the army, though there are half a dozen who were in the Congress of the Confederate States, and one or two who were in the Cabinet.

Let us take the Senate, first, and run through the list. Considering them alphabetically, Alabama comes first. Senator Pugh, who has just been re-elected to the Senate, was a member of the House when the war broke out. He withdrew from Congress when his State decided to secede, and returning home enlisted as a private soldier in the Confederate Army. Later on, however, when his people came to cast about

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON.

them for a man to serve them in the Confederate Congress, they selected him, and calling upon him to change the arts of war for those of the legislator, he obeyed. He remained a member of the Confederate Congress during its entire existence. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, was a delegate to the State Convention that passed the ordinance of secession; joined one of the first companies raised for the Confederate army, enlisting as a private soldier. His company was attached to the Fifth Alabama Regiment, when he was elected Major, from which position he advanced step by step until he became Brigadier General.

Senator Garland served the Confederacy, but in a civil capacity only. He was a delegate to the State Convention of Arkansas which passed the ordinance of secession, was a delegate to the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, a Representative in the Confederate House of Representatives, and finally a Senator in the Confederate Senate, which position he held when the war ended.

Senator Walker, of Arkansas, was also in the Confederate service, being a Colonel in a regiment which saw some very interesting service.

Senator Call, of Florida, was also in the Confederate service. He was Major in one of the Florida regiments, and proved himself a vigorous fighter and a favorite among his men. He receives letters often from members of his old regiment, and always in the most kindly terms. In the recent Senatorial election in Florida his popularity was shown by a unanimous nomination by the party caucus.

Senator Brown, of Georgia, was not a fighting man, though he admits being "an original secessionist," and says he was "active and energetic as war Governor after the State had seceded." He did not agree with Jeff Davis, however, in his way of conducting the war. He was Governor of the State of Georgia all the time of the war, but in spite of his opposition to Mr. Davis' methods, he says "threw no obstacles in the way of the execution of the law by the Confederate Government; he simply discussed with the President the constitutionality of the measure." After the surrender he advocated acquiescence in the reconstruction measures, becoming very unpopular thereby. Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, was a Confederate warrior, entering the service as Captain, and being promoted step by step by step until he reached the grade of Major General. He was a member, too, of the Secession Convention of the State of Georgia.

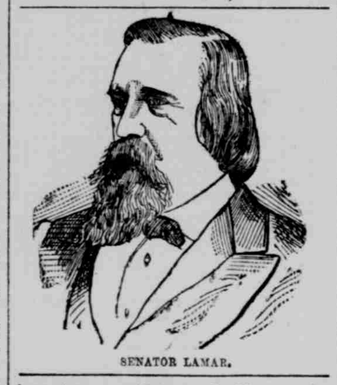
From Kentucky Senator Williams took up the sword, which he laid down at Cerro Gordo, for the Confederacy, having been a Colonel and then a Brigadier General in the Southern army, surrendering with General Joe Johnston in Georgia. General Johnston lives here now, too, and often talks of the old times with Williams and others who were with him in those days.

From Louisiana both the present Senators were in the Confederate service. Senator Jones, whose term expires on March 4, entered the Confederate service as a private of artillery, serving as such for a considerable

SENATOR VANCE.

period. He was finally promoted to the position of Acting Adjutant of Artillery in Hood's corps, and as such served to the end the war. General Randall Lee Gibson, who took his seat in the Senate at the beginning of the present Congress, was a Confederate, serving throughout the war in the Army of the South. He is more a scholar than a soldier, however, having received a finished education at Yale and at one of the universities of Europe.

Senator Lamar, of Mississippi, was a confederate, as is well known. He and Wade Hampton are probably more asked for than any others of the ex-Confederates. There is always a curiosity to see these two men, and some in the House who were also in the Confederate service. Mr. Lamar was a member of the House of Representatives in the Thirty-sixth Congress, and resigned to take his seat in the secession convention of his State. He entered the Confederate service as Lieutenant Colonel, being afterward promoted to a Colonelcy. In 1863 he was appointed by President Davis as a Special Commissioner to Russia, on a very important mission of a diplomatic nature. Senator Lamar is a finished scholar, having had several important positions in connection with the University of Mississippi. He is especially afflicted just now in the death of his wife, who had



SENATOR LAMAR.

been long a sufferer, and his massive head, which has for years been bowed as if in deep thought as he walked about the Capitol, now looks more intently toward the floors as he walks silently or sits buried in thought in his chair in the Senate chamber. Senator George, of Mississippi, is also an ex-Confederate, having served in the convention which passed the secession ordinance of Mississippi, then became Captain and then Brigadier-General of the State troops, and then Colonel in the Confederate Army.

From Missouri both the Senators bring records of service to the Confederacy. Senator Cockrell was in the Confederate Army, and is spoken of by those who knew him as "one of the fighting kind." This is his general record, for whatever he does he does with all his might. Not that he is one of the impetuous sort, rather the reverse; but when he makes up his mind that a thing ought to be done nothing daunts him. Senator Vest, of the same State, was two years in the Confederate Congress and one year in the Senate of the Confederacy. It was because of his reference to this fact and his frank defense of Mr. Davis that Ingalls, of Kansas, gave him the scolding the other day, to which he retorted by calling Ingalls the "common scold of the Senate."

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, who retorted so earnestly to General Sherman's statement casting doubts upon his fealty to the Confederacy, is a good deal asked for just now. He is rather below the medium height of the Southern Senators—for they are tall, as a rule—with gray mustache, a shock of gray hair upon a well-shaped head. He entered the Confederate Army, served until elected Governor in 1862, accepting that position and holding it by re-election until the close of the war. He has just been re-elected Senator, his term of office now running until 1891. Mr. Ransom, the other Senator from the State, was Peace Commissioner to the Congress of Southern States at Montgomery, in 1861, and soon after entered the Confederate Army, serving as Colonel, Brigadier General and Major General, and surrendering at Appomattox.

Another Southern Senator a good deal inquired after is Wade Hampton. He was a Confederate, and is a popular Senator. People who go into the galleries ask: "Which is Wade Hampton?" And on being told, they usually settle themselves for a good long look at him. He walks about the Senate Chamber quite comfortably upon his wooden leg, which takes the place of the one he lost a few years ago very acceptably. He is quite a favorite with the ladies, who go into raptures over him. Pretty Mlle Rhea apostrophized him while here recently as "ze sweetest man in all ze world." This really "broke up" a lot of the younger element, who were trying to create an impression, and they are ready to wreak their vengeance upon Hampton in almost any manner. Hampton was in both branches of his State Legislature before the war, and was one of the wealthiest men of the South, owning a thousand slaves, if reports are true. He entered the Confederate service at the beginning of the war, serving with distinction to its close, saving both legs in the army only to lose one by a hunting accident a decade or more afterward. It is a rather singular fact that South Carolina's two Senators have but one pair of legs between them. But it is so. Senator Butler lost a leg in the Confederate service. He entered it as a Captain of Cavalry, and was promoted through the regular grades until he reached the rank of Major General, when he lost his leg at the battle of Brandy Station.

Senator Harris, of Tennessee, was a volunteer aid on the staff of the commanding General of the Army of the Tennessee during the last three years of the war.

Senator Maxey, of Texas, was Brigadier General in 1862 and Major General in 1864. He was also Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Confederacy.

Senator Coke was also in the Confederate service, entering the army as a private and receiving promotions along until he reached the grade of Captain.

Both the Virginia Senators were, as is well known, in the Confederate service, though they work with the Republicans now. Mahone raised the Sixth Virginia, and commanded it in the battles of the Peninsular campaign and those about Petersburg, and upon the Rappahannock; helped capture the Norfolk Navy-yard; was made Major General in 1864, and commanded a corps in Hill's army. Riddleberger served three years in the Confederate army, as Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant and Captain.

Kenna, of West Virginia, seems to be the only one of the entire list of ex-Confederates in the Senate who served as a private soldier throughout his connection with the army. He entered the service as a mere boy, being indeed but eighteen years of age at its close. He volunteered when about sixteen; was severely wounded at the age of seventeen, and was surrendered at Shreveport at the age of about eighteen.

It is a singular fact that, while almost every Senator from the States forming the Confederacy was in active service of the Confederate Government, only a comparatively small number of the Senators from the Northern States are ex-Union soldiers. There are but thirteen ex-Union soldiers in the Senate—Hawley, Mitchell, Miller of New York, Miller of California, Sewell, Blair, Van Wyck, Manderson, Ingalls, Plumb, Harrison, Logan and Bowen.

Whipped-cream pie is a delicacy that to be appreciated needs but to be eaten. Make a crust of moderate richness; line a deep tin with it; bake quickly in a hot oven; when done spread it with a layer of jelly or jam; first a thin layer; then whip one teacupful of sweet cream until it is as light as possible; sweeten with powdered sugar and flavor with vanilla spread over the jelly or jam; set the cream where it will get very cold before whipping.

"Why should not conscience have vacation?" Why, it ought, of course, and so ought the stomach when enfeebled by chronic indigestion. The first step is to find out how much work it can do and do well. Then give it rest between the work—give it a holiday and a few doses of Victoria Pills, and it will soon be strong enough to go to work in earnest again.